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# Out Of The Fire



fire

house

18 0 0

## Chapter 1 by alicehardaker

As a child of just ten years old, I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe what I had done to this man's house. It was only a joke, a dare by my so-called friends to do this but I have never been more ashamed of anything I did before. As I heard sirens making their usual noise I realised I had to go. However, as I stood on the curb watching the flames build and seeing everything the owner of the house had worked for: his television, his furniture, his computer and everything else just catching fire, I knew it was my entire fault. I knew then, as I watched the fire burning, that my soul would maybe never recover. I got flashes in my mind of what my life could turn out to be, a complete waste. I knew I'd end up spending time in prison for setting this and that on fire. So as I stood watching the flames build all I could see was my life collapsing and my mum and dad's disappointment in me and the final realisation that my friends were not my real friends but just some older kids who bullied me into this. That's why I had to get out of there.

Having lived on the streets for five years now, Simon believed he had seen everything. That was until he saw what that young child and his "friends" had done to this house. I've have seen and spoken to the owner a few times before and he always appeared flash but he was ok really.

After the kid ran off, Simon got up to have a closer look at the fire. As he looked closer he

remembered when he was sixteen and how he did something similar after stealing a car and burning it out. He regretted it still, but he didn't know what the child would be

thinking now. Simon just said, "I hope you're happy." He didn't think "Pete didn't

deserve this." As Simon said this, a fire engine came around the corner with its blue lights flashing. He heard Pete's Jaguar coming around the corner. Simon took one last look at the fire, pulled his

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hood down and , shameful as it was, saw the irony that Pete, a man who was loaded, was now about to end up homeless just like me. That was when Simon went back across the road to watch from the place where he always slept, in his cardboard box.

As an executive Pete always got stuck at the office and tonight he arrived home late again. As he got there all he could see was a fire engine pulling up, then he saw his 4-bedroomed home alight. His shock and grief took over him first, his house that he worked hard to buy had caught fire somehow and then he spotted Simon, the homeless guy that he spoke to every morning, that he gave money to every morning, crossing back over and sitting down. He couldn't help his initial reaction, "It was him!! I know it was him!!" He shouted, but nobody would listen. However, he slowly came to his senses and watched the fireman trying to put the fire out. He saw everything I owned melting in the fire then catching fire themselves. Pete just felt pure and utter hatred for whoever was responsible. He turned back and looked at Simon again and decided, once and for all, that it wasn't him. Then as Pete looked again his living room window exploded and him, plus a couple of fireman, got blown back. As Pete got up he collected a photo that had been in his house that had been burnt. It was of my dead wife Sandra and dead child and he just thanked god they were already gone as he couldn't imagine them being in there. Pete then took another look at the fire and then thanked god that he wasn't in there myself.

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